

The contention of the two famous Houses,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streetes.

*Enter Dame Elnor Cobham bare-foote, and a white sheete about her,
with a waxe Candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe &
pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir Iohn
Standly, and Officers, with Bils and Holbards.*

Seruing. My gracious Lord, see wher my Lady comes,
Please it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?

Humph. I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon heere,
But let them do their office as they should.

Elnor. Come you my Lord to see my open shame?
Ah Gloster, now thou dost penance too,
See how the giddy people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent vp study rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.

Hum. Ah *Nell,* sweet *Nell,* forget this extreme grieffe,
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.

Elnor. Ah *Gloster,* teach me to forget my selfe,
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
The thought of this doth kill my wofull heart.
The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,
And when I start, the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be aduised how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in shame, with papers on my backe,
Ah *Gloster,* can I endure this and liue?
Sometime ile say I am Duke *Humphreys* wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I his fore-lorne Dutchesse
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,
To euery idle rascald follower.

Humphrey. My louely *Nell,* what wouldst thou haue me do?

Should

Yorke and Lancaster.

Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
I should incurre the danger of the law;

And thy disgrace would not be shaddowed so.
Elnor. Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,
Vntill the axe of death hang ore thy head,
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolke he,
The new made Duke, that may do all in all,
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,
And impious *Yorke,* and *Bewford* that false Priest,
Haue all lymde bushes to betray thy wings,
And flye thou how thou canst, they will entangle thee.

Enter a Herald of Armes.

Herald. I summon your Grace vnto his Highnes Parliament,
holden at *S. Edmonds-Bury*, the first of the next Month.

Hum. A Parliament, and our consent neuer craude
Therein before. This is —————

Exit Herald.
Well, we will be there.

Master Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against my
Lady, then the course of law extends.

Sher. Please it your Grace, my office here doth end,
And I must deliuer her to Sir *Iohn Stanly*.
To be conducted into the Isle of Man.

Humphrey. Must you sir *Iohn* conduct my Lady?

Standly. I my gracious Lord, for so it is decreed,
And I am so commanded by the King.

Humph. I pray you sir *Iohn,* vse her nere the worse,
In that I intreate you to vse her well.

The world may smile againe, and I may liue
To do you fauour, if you do it her,
And so sir *Iohn* farewell.

Elnor. What gone my Lord, and bid not me farewell

Humph. Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake.

Exit Humphrey and his men.

Elnor. Then is he gone, is noble *Gloster* gone,
And doth Duke *Humphrey* now forsake me too?
Then let me haste from out faire Englands bounds,
Come *Standly* come, and let vs haste away.

D. 3.

Standly